THE CAROLINA SPARTAN.

BY CAVIS & TRIMMIER. Devoted to Southern Rights, Politics, Agriculture, and Miscellany. $2 PER ANNUM.

VOL. XIV. SPARTANBURG, S. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 20, 1857. NO. 26.

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CAROLINA SPARTAN.

Italian Sketches.

A lady writer of celebrity, who recently visited Florence, and thence journeyed, by easy stages, to Rome, gives us some interesting anecdotes relative to those extraordinary characters, the Italian brigands. On leaving one day, a place called Monte Varchi, where she and her companions had stopped to refresh themselves, they found the road leading through a dense and tangled forest. But we will let our traveller tell her own story:

We at length came to a clearing in the middle of the oak forest, just like a landscape by Salvator Rosa, far from comfortable in appearance. It was a kind of amphitheatre, formed in the middle of what seemed to have been an old gravel-pit, half a mile perhaps in circumference. The sides were high and rugged, wild goblin trees standing on the extreme points in an alarming manner, while below, the low cliffs were indented with various holes and narrow apertures, admirably calculated for concealment, peeping out from the underwood in a mysterious chiar'oscuro, anything but reassuring. A long stone bridge occupied the bottom of this pass, ascending the opposite side of the amphitheatre. This ill-looking locality was called Palazzaccio, and was not wanting in its tales of brigands, being the favorite haunt of the well known Spadolino.

This man was a sort of hero in his way, affecting to rob the rich in order to assist the poor—gaining by this reputation no end of partisans among the peasants, who invariably wink at all that sort of work. There was, it is said, a certain miller, who had long kneaded his loaves in peace, with a large family rising around him, until hard times came: the stream was no longer needed to turn the once merry wheel, starvation came upon him, he could not pay his rent, and was to be turned out of the place he had looked upon as his home. The miller, in despair, sought the deep recesses of this very wood, wandering up and down its park-like glades, and at last, seating himself on a rock, he burst out into sighs and groans with true Italian *furore*. Chance had led him into the immediate haunt of Spadolino, who, hearing a noise, suddenly appeared, no one knew whence, as a true brigand always should. But the miller, who had nothing to lose, was bold with the confidence of utter poverty, and cared neither for his stiletto nor his gun, but wept on, and wrung his hands unmoved.

"What is the matter?" quoth Spadolino; "and, diavolo, why are you making such a noise in my wood?"

"Ah!" cried the miller, "I care neither for you nor the devil, who you may be for aught I know. I am ruined and undone, unless by this time to-morrow I can produce ninety francisconi to pay my rent. Santa Maria! I have not a puattriao, and we shall be turned out of the country, me and my poor children, to starve." And with that he buried his face in his hands and wept louder than before.

"Do you know me?" said Spadolino.

"No," replied the miller; "but I guess you are a brigand by your dress. But what is that to me?"

"Because," answered Spadolino, "if you knew me you might expect help from me, for I have the power to do that, and much more, if I please. When has it ever been said that Spadolino has refused to assist a poor man in distress? Amico mio, you shall have the money—my hand upon it."

"Santa Maria!" cried the miller, starting up and seizing the brigand's iron fist, "is it possible? Can this be true? Oh, angel of my life! savior of my family! Thanks—thanks." And down he tumbled on his knees and kissed Spadolino's feet.

"Be here," returned the latter, "by sunrise to-morrow, and I will give you the money. Go home and drink the health of Spadolino the Briganti, the friend of the poor and the terror of the rich, and beware, in future, for he may not again be at hand to assist you. The hell-hounds hunt me sore, and I have often dreampt of late of the domes of Florence—a bad sign for me, as I shall only see them when my time is come."

That evening a carriage was stopped crossing the very bridge at the bottom of the pass and a rich booty secured. Spadolino, as cruel to the rich as he was merciful to the poor, deliberately cut the throats of the men it contained, and left the women in the road mourning over their corpses. Women, he told his band, were no subjects for him, and he would neither injure nor insult them, nor carry them into the wood, as the younger among the amiable brethren suggested. As soon as the earliest streaks of morning tinged the neighboring Apennines, the miller returned to the spot where they had met the previous night, and found Spadolino somewhat pale and anxious, but holding in his hand the promised money tied up in a bag.

"Here," said he, "is the gold. Let one man, at least, bless my name, though my hands be bloody."

The miller shuddered as he saw that so indeed they were; but, without asking inconvenient questions, clutched the bag, earnestly thanking the brigand as the savior of his fortunes.

"Ay, you may thank me," said Spadolino, gloomily, "for this night's work shall be my last. If I can escape into Romagna I will never draw knife more in Tuscany. They are too close upon me. Go, amico mio, carry this money home, and when the fattore comes to turn you out of your mill, throw it into his face, and let him feel 'tis genuine."

The miller faithfully followed his advice, and by mid-day felt doubly gratified by having paid his rent and insulted the fattore, who came with similar Christian intentions. But poor Spadolino had run his race. This last robbery and murder had been hurried and ill-combined; when the gendarmes arrived on the spot they traced the brigands into the recesses of the forest. Spadolino was taken, and soon after hung at the Porta Santa Croce, at Florence, to the infinite sorrow of the grateful miller, who, however, held his tongue most determinedly on his part in the catastrophe.

The Treacherous Priest.—Here is another curious robber story. The fate of Gasparone proves that the strongest of animals is oftentimes overcome by the craft of the weak:

We were still wandering in the same romantic oak forest, which extends for many miles. Not a roof was visible. The shades of evening were gathering around. No wonder, from thinking of brigands, that we all fell to talking about them as the carriage lazily pursued its way. One of the party remembered seeing Gasparone some years ago at Civita Vecchia after his surrender. He was allowed to walk up and down some particular wall or bastion, from whence he was visible, and people went in flocks to gaze on him, because he hated the priests, like a true Italian. Good cause, indeed, had he to execrate them for the scurvy trick played on him to induce his voluntary surrender!—a true specimen of the punic faith in vogue among these black-cloaked gentry, and in perfect accordance with the priestly motto, that the end justifies the means.

Gasparone, who perhaps was the most finished specimen of a brigand Italy had ever produced, had long exercised his trade unmolested, and quietly robbed, plundered, and murdered quite *a fantaisie* in the Campagna, where his name was much more feared than the Pope's. He had somewhere or other a cavern, which extended five miles underground, like a catacomb, and when the unhappy soldiers were sent out against him, they were shot down by dozens out of the trees, as it seemed, for no living mortal could be seen. All hope of capturing the gentleman by fair means was abandoned as desperate, when the priests bethought themselves of a stratagem, which one of their number undertook to put into execution.

This priest—who by the way must have had immense moral courage—was a sickly, thin ascetic, with poverty stamped on every feature of his starved lineaments. He set out boldly from Rome, discovered one of the entrances into the famous, or rather infamous, cavern, and without more ado descended. When he made his appearance, the bandits were so utterly taken aback at his temerity that they forgot to shoot him, and then became curious to know what madman could thus have ventured into their lair voluntarily. The entire band—two hundred in number—gathered round him; their murderous forms lit up by the glare of the torches, which burnt continually in this subterranean garrison. There was a savage leer on their dark faces, when, with a sort of unutterable yell, they demanded what he wanted, at the same time jingling their knives in an ominous chorus. But the priest stood firm.

"I want," said he, "to know if a man called Gasparone is to be found here?"

There was a devilish chuckle in reply, which expressed Yes! And the fearful crowd pressed still closer round the priest, who stood in the centre.

"What do you want with Gasparone?" at last said one of the band.

"I come," replied the priest, "with a message to him from the Holy Father." And at his name he uncovered and crossed himself as coolly as if he had seen him in a holiday procession at St. Peter's. "But this message," resumed he, "can only be delivered to him alone; and I am come to see your chief, whom people call Gasparone."

The bandits were astonished, and actually almost respected the thin, helpless priest for his courage. The crowd fell off, the stilettoes no longer rattled; they formed into small groups, seeming to discuss among themselves whether or not they should introduce him to Gasparone. At last one of the number disappeared.

When Gasparone, sitting in his own peculiar lair, keeping his savage state, heard that a priest wanted to see him, he roared with savage laughter, making the long galleries echo again; then he swore a horrid oath, quite suitable to his character. "What, diavolo," cried he, "does the madman mean, that he comes here to run his head into the noose? Is he weary of his convent life, and wants me to shorten it? Faith, I will soon do his business if that be all. But in with the carrion; let me hear what he brings from our brother the Pope."

The priest appeared, and in a tone of perfect composure repeated his errand.

"I come," said he, "with a message of mercy from the Holy Father." "I fear you not. Why should you harm me, when I venture here to tell you that which, did I not come, you could never know in these deep caverns, though it is on all men's tongues."

"But," cried Gasparone, "we come up to day sometimes though, as the Pope well knows, for bravely have we plucked many a fat monsignore. What is then this message we do not know?"

"It is an offer of pardon—entire pardon to every bandit who surrenders within three days from this time. No conditions are affixed; the Holy Father seeks only the souls of the sinner. This decree is hung up on every cross, and in the four ways along the great roads. But how were you to know this down below? The three days would have expired—mercy would have no longer been offered—therefore am I come to bring you pardon and peace."

Gasparone frowned, and was silent. For a while he seemed to weigh what the priest said, and eyed him askance, as if to detect any treachery. But the man of black stood unmoved, his hands folded on his breast, not a muscle quivering.

"What assurance," at last said Gasparone, "have I for the sincerity of his offer? How am I to know it is not all an infernal trick to cage me in the net?"

"It is a royal ordinance, signed and sealed in due form, as all may see, and as you yourself may assure yourself; for during the next three days there is a truce, and even you, Gasparone, and your band, may walk at large. You will judge yourself if I am not speaking the truth."

"We will see," moodily replied the chief. He waved his hand, the priest withdrew, and passed out through the long passages by which he had entered.

Gasparone, relying on the word of the messenger, during the stated truce, did personally satisfy himself as to the truth of the statement. The ordinance, drawn up with every formality, and bearing the impress of the Papal arms, was hung on every column and cross of the great thoroughfares. On the third day, Gasparone and his band of two hundred surrendered formally to the magistrates. It was a great sight to see these ferocious men, redolent of murders, dripping as it were with blood, come with their arms in their hands, and retire shorn of all their strength, like Samson of his locks, and helpless as he.

But oh! incredible extent of priestly treachery! No sooner were the wretched men disarmed than they were seized by the Papal troops, and imprisoned. No excuse was given, no jesuitry attempted for this vile breach of faith. Gasparone was locked up in the Castle San Angelo, afterwards to be transferred to the prison at Civita Vecchia. The brigand yet lives, but has been sent to Corsica, that *alma mater* of all Italian *vauriens*. The priest—the instrument in this vile transaction—was at once shipped off to Florence, out of the way of the revengeful stilettoes of the Romans. Had he remained on their side the Apennines he was a dead man.

The Beggar's Anecdote.—The writer afterwards gained more information concerning Gasparone's doings, as will be perceived below:

I remember once at Ferrara, while standing before that glorious old Gothic pile, having my attention drawn to a low sort of chant in the centre of a ragged crowd. I pressed forward into the circle, where stood an old blind beggar, singing in a hoarse, broken recitative, the adventures of Gasparone, represented in a tremendous picture, elevated on poles, to which his attendant wife pointed with a long stick, while he related the incidents. His audience stood in rapt attention while the old fellow sang of some horrid murder; which, when especially spicy, was received with low bravos and cheers. Among other feats, he told how Gasparone, wanting to cross into Tuscany, was met on the borders of a river by the gendarme, who asked for his passport, but no passport had he, so he shot him through the head, saying—"This, bravo mio soldato, will be a passport for me and you both—you above, and me below."

"Behold, excellent and noble company, my wife will point out the fact in the great picture, which I, alas, being blind, cannot see. And now," said he, falling down on his knees, without any kind of preface—"Now, good and Christian people, look at me, a poor blind man, shut out from the light of the sun, and for the love of the Santissima Vergine give me some bajocchi. Per l'amore del Cielo, assist me, oh great and good people of Ferrara!"

Upon this adjuration his wife made the circuit of the crowd with a tin box, into which the money was dropped. As the coin chinked, the blind man, still on his knees, with his hands clasped as if in prayer, nodded approvingly. When the collection was over, he rose, smoothed his beard, and began again.

"Now," after thanking the people of Ferrara for their noble charity to a poor *cieco*, "I will continue to relate how Gasparone once arrived in Tuscany, stopped a vetturino near Radicofani, and murdered eight persons, with other wonderful adventures, which you see, excellent signors, set forth in the picture. Wife, point out faithfully the particulars."

The crowd, whose curiosity was rapidly increasing, pressed closer around him, as in a shrill voice he resumed his chant.

I could have stayed willingly until the conclusion of so rich and thoroughly Italian a scene, but I was travelling in haste, and had no spare time. I could not but reflect what an admirable lesson in brigandage the old man gave, holding up Gasparone to universal admiration for his bloody deeds, and encouraging all the idle ragamuffins of Ferrara to go and do likewise. This is not a system calculated to put down the evil, especially in so bad a neighborhood as Ferrara.

Soft Soap.—According to the Abbe Huc, Eastern monarchs are guillible. He says: "Once it happened that a Frenchman came to the Khan of Tartary, and the Emperor asked him what offering he had brought him. The Frenchman replied, 'Sire, I have brought you nothing, for I did not know of your great power.' 'How,' said the Emperor, 'did not the very birds, as they flew over your country, tell you of our power?' The Frenchman replied, 'Sire, perhaps they did, but, as I do not understand their language, I do not know what they said.' And thus the Emperor was appeased."

Pride's Meals.—Pride breakfasted with Plenty, dined with Poverty, and supped with Infamy.

Pampernicle says a woman's heart is the "most sweetest" thing in the world; in fact, a perfect *honeycomb*—full of *sells*. Beware.

Mr. Dallas in England.

On the 21st July there was great rejoicing at the town of Boston, Lincolnshire, consequent on the re-opening of the Southwest Chapel of the Church in that town, which has been restored by the citizens of Boston, Massachusetts, as a memorial of John Cotton. Mr. Dallas, the American Minister, the Bishop of Kentucky, and ex-Mayor Bigelow, of Boston, Massachusetts, were among those who took part in the proceedings. An address was presented to Mr. Dallas on the occasion, and two speeches were made by that gentleman in the course of the proceedings.

The circumstances which led to this restoration are as follows: John Cotton was vicar of Boston, in Lincolnshire, from 1612 to 1633. In the latter year he resigned his living and removed to the colony of New England, where he was instrumental in establishing the town—now the city—of Boston, and where he died, universally respected, in December, 1652. Boston, in Massachusetts, was so called in compliment to Mr. Cotton, and many of the earliest settlers in New England emigrated from Lincolnshire, and particularly from the neighborhood of Boston.

Mr. Dallas said: While I may be permitted to acknowledge the toast, I must at the same time remark that I do not think you could have drunk a better toast. I think the country which you have toasted is worthy of being toasted by you and by any assemblage of distinguished and intellectual freemen. She is, perhaps, especially deserving of being toasted by Englishmen. And why? Because there are various points of character in which the United States of America and Great Britain very much resemble each other. You do yourselves honor when you toast a country so like your own as the United States. There are many points of resemblance between the countries to which I have referred. On the other side of the Atlantic we are brave; so are you. On the other side of the Atlantic we are touchy in resenting insult; so are you.

On the other side of the Atlantic we are fond of commercial pursuits, and do not much relish commercial competition; this is also like you. Now it very often happens, particularly in the pursuit of national objects, and in respect to events which affect the welfare or condition of masses of the people, that resemblances give rise to controversies, disputes, and collisions. The merchant who is anxious to make the most profit out of a series of speculations is very apt to quarrel with a man who is going into the same scene of speculation. An excellent orator is very apt to quarrel with him who attempts to rival him. And perhaps nothing is more certain—I do not, however, assert it positively, I have only heard of it—that a very beautiful woman is apt to see defects in another beautiful woman. Now, these resemblances often cause heart burnings, disquietudes, and collisions. Therefore, the United States of America and Great Britain should not, as prudent nations, rely too much on the existence of resemblances out of which evil may arise. Let us admit, in reference to each other, that we are both high-minded, independent and gallant nations; that we possess great resources of every description, commercial, agricultural, mechanical, and financial; that in one point we are like lustrous stars above in the great firmament of human being.

We are at the head of every nation of the earth. All that we have to do, therefore, for the purpose of preserving, and, if possible, perpetuating the international friendship and regard so eloquently dwelt upon by the gentleman who preceded me—a gentleman whom I recollect a great many years ago—I should shock him, perhaps, if I said in so large a company of ladies how many years ago—in Washington—left us, I say, maintain, and if possible, perpetuate that international good-will, by recognising each other as perfectly equal in the possession of the attributes and qualities of human nature. On that principle, come into collision when we may and how we may, we shall never find a difficulty on account of our differences of opinions and of nations in putting an end to our collisions. I have gone much further than I intended. The toast is, as I have said, a most excellent one, "The President of the United States," and there is but one thing that secures its excellence, and that is the kind and generous manner in which you have received it. I renew my thanks, both on behalf of Mr. Buchanan, the President of the United States, and of my own country, for the manner in which you have received my health.

Subsequently, in returning thanks on his own behalf, for the toast of "The Minister of the United States," Mr. Dallas said: There are topics, I confess, I should like to touch on, but the advanced hour of the evening forbids me. There is one, however, I must beg of you to excuse me for introducing. I heard the distinguished gentleman on the opposite side make mention of what is called the Anglo-Saxon race. Well, that no doubt is a very distinguished race. It is entitled to high praise, for it has accomplished wonders. But I do not think that the United States of America, as they now exist, can be considered as confined to the Anglo-Saxon race. It is a matter of fair truth to say to you that there is a very large proportion of the citizens of the United States who are Celts, not Anglo-Saxons.

If there be any Irish here they must understand that their fellow countrymen constitute a very large proportion of what may be termed the character of the United States of America. Nay, to go a little further, one of our States is almost exclusively Spanish; another of our States is almost exclusively French; and the very State to which I am proud to belong, a State that is called the Keystone State, has so many of its population of the German race, that we are actually obliged to publish our laws in that language to accommodate them. Now all these races blended together constitute the national character of the United States of America. That country, therefore, is not exclusively Anglo-Saxon. Undoubtedly some of its most distinguished sources of origin are Anglo-Saxon, but as now organized—as it is now fixed—under its present Constitution and present population, it is a Government and a country composed of all peoples and races, and not confined exclusively to the Anglo-Saxon.

Hugh Miller on the Coal Measures.

The following is a magnificent description, by Hugh Miller, of the formation of coal measures. Reader and writer are supposed to be on the waves and among the forests of the actually submerging world:

"We have entered the coal measures. For seven formations together, our course, from the lower Silurian to the upper old Sandstone, has lain over like oceans without a visible shore, though, lil Columbus in his voyage of discovery, we have now and then found a little floating weed, to indicate the approaching coast. The water is fast shallowing. Yonder passes a broken branch with the leaves still unwithered; and there floats a tuft of fern. Land, from the mast head! Land! land! land! A low shore thickly covered with vegetation.

"Huge trees of wonderful form stand out far in the water. There seems no intervening beach. A thick hedge of reeds, tall as the masts of pinnaces, run along the deeper bays, like water flags at the edge of a lake. A river of vast volume comes rolling from the interior, darkening the water for leagues with its slime and mud, and bearing with it, to the open sea, reeds and fern, and cones of the pine, and immense floats of leaves, and here and there some bulky tree, undermined and uprooted by the current. We near the coast, and now enter the openings of the stream. A scarce penetrable phalanx of reeds, that attain to the height and well nigh to the bulk of forest trees, is ranged on either hand. The bright and glossy stems seem rodded like Gothic columns; the pointed leaves stand out, green at every joint, tier above tier, each tier resembling a coronal wreath, or an ancient crown, with the rays turned outwards; and we see a-top what may be either large spikes or catkins.

"What strange forms of vegetable life appear in the forest behind! Can that be a club moss that raises its slender height for more than fifty feet from the soil? or can these tall palm-like trees be actually ferns, and these spreading branches mere fronds? And then the gigantic reeds! are they not mere varieties of the common horse tail of our bogs and morasses magnified some sixty or a hundred times? Have we arrived at some such country as the continent visited by Gulliver, in which he found thickets of weeds tall as woods of twenty years' growth, and lost himself amid a forest of corn fifty feet in height. The lesser vegetation of our own country, its reeds, morasses and ferns, seem here as if viewed through a microscope; the dwarfs have grown up into giants, and yet there appears to be no proportional increase in size among what are unequivocally its trees. Yonder is a group of what seem to be pines, tall and bulky, it is true, but neither taller nor bulkier than the pines of Norway and America; and the club moss behind shoots up its green hairy arms, loaded with what seem catkins, above their topmost cones. But what monster of the vegetable world comes floating down the stream, now circling round in the eddies, now dancing on the ripple, now shooting on the rapid? It resembles a gigantic star-fish, or an immense coach-wheel divested of the rim. There is a green, dome-like mass in the centre, that corresponds to the nave of the wheel or the body of the star-fish, and the boughs shoot out horizontally on every side, like spokes from the nave, or rays from the central body. The diameter considerably exceeds forty feet, and the branches, originally of a deep green, are assuming the golden tinge of decay; the cylindrical and hollow leaves stand out thick on every side like the prickles of the wild rose on the red, fleshy, lance-like shoots of a year's growth, that will be covered two seasons hence with flowers and fruit. That strangely formed organism presents no existing type among all the numerous families of the vegetable kingdom. There is an amazing luxuriance of growth all around us. Scarce can the currents make way through the thickets of aquatic plants that rise thick from the muddy bottom; and though the sunshine falls bright upon the upper boughs of the tangled forest beyond, not a ray penetrates the more than twilight gloom that broods over the marshy platform below. The rank steam of decaying vegetation forms a thick blue blaze, that partially obscures the underwood; deadly lakes of carbonic acid gas have accumulated in the hollows; there is silence all around, uninterrupted save by a sudden splash of some reptile fish that has risen to the surface in pursuit of its prey, or when a sudden breeze stirs the hot air and shakes the fronds of the giant ferns or the catkins of the reeds. The wide continent before us is a continent devoid of animal life, save that its pools and rivers abound in fish and mollusca, and that millions and tens of millions of the infusory tribes swarm in the bogs and marshes. Here and there, too, an insect of a strange form flutters among the leaves. It is more than probable that no creature, furnished with lungs of the more perfect construction, could have breathed the atmosphere of this early period and have lived."

A little girl, on hearing her mother say that she intended to go to a ball, and have her dress trimmed with bugles, innocently inquired if the bugles would all blow when she danced. "Oh, no," said the mother, "your father will do all that when he discovers I have bought them."

If you want to gain a woman's affections, don't appeal to her head but to her feelings. One squeeze of the hand, or press of the lips, is worth a dozen speeches. Calico is an institution of touch, not of logic.

A grand jury in Ohio have presented a "Sewing Society" as a nuisance.

The Calaveras Cave.

A correspondent of the San Francisco Bulletin furnishes the following description of a renowned cave in Calaveras county, California:

We arrived at 11 o'clock at Cave City, a small and almost deserted mining town where the cave is situated. The curiosity was first discovered by Capt. Taylor in 1850, while shooting at a mark near by his cabin. After resting a few minutes and taking dinner, we proceeded with our guide to visit the dark recesses of Nature. The first and main entrance is on the side of a hill around the angle of a jutting rock, about three hundred yards from the town. This artificial passage has been cut through the solid rock about eighty feet. It was with mingled feelings of awe and wonder that I entered those still chambers, which for thousands of years had remained undisturbed by the rude voice of man. I felt like an intruder upon the secret realms of darkness. As we arrived at the entrance each of us lit our torches, and commenced in procession to grope our way with bended knee through the low and narrow aisles to the first chamber, which is called the Know-Nothing Lodge." The ceilings are high, dark, and irregular, and are unadorned by stalactites.

Leaving this chamber, we next enter "Register Hall," where every visitor is expected to immortalize his name by writing it with charcoal upon the smooth columns which line the high ceiling. This passage leads to "Column Room," where there is a a large swinging rock, so nearly balanced as to almost move by the touch of the hand. There are several columns standing which bear evidence of being worn out by the leaping cascades of water from above. We now turned to the left, and crawled our way through the "Table Passage" to the "Chapel Room." This chamber presented many objects of curiosity and attraction. In the centre arose a natural altar of stalagmites, while on one side is a niche (worn in the rock) which very much resembles a pulpit. The beauty of this room, as well as many other parts of the cave, has been much marred by visitors breaking off and carrying away the most beautiful stalactites. I was pleased to learn that the proprietor has determined to protect it from any further destruction.

From the "Chapel" was descended a sloping passage to the "Lake." This is an irregular chamber, at the bottom of which there is a lake of clear cold water, which we were informed had been sounded one hundred feet and no bottom had been discovered. We amused ourselves by throwing stones in the water to see the bubbles rise long after they had disappeared in the depth of the clear water below. Here we rested a short time to refresh ourselves with a drink from the pure crystal water of this fountain, unreflected by the light of day and unruffled by the passing breeze.

Next we returned and hastened to the "Bishop's Palace." This chamber is irregular in form, and is from sixty to ninety feet in extent. The arched ceilings are about thirty feet high, suspended from which are huge stalactites of various form and color, from one to ten feet long. Several large ones hanging from the centre of the "Palace," with numerous small branches, present the appearance of so many huge chandaliers, reflecting the light of our torches, and brilliantly illuminating the gloomy recess of this world below. While admiring these habitations of solitude, according to the secret arrangement, every light was extinguished. The change of visions so beautiful to darkness so profound almost startled my senses with fear and dread. I had often groped my way through woods and fields in the blackest nights, when every light of heaven seemed extinguished, but not till now did I ever fully realize the painful sublimity of perfect stillness and darkness. At first there was not a motion made or a word spoken; all seemed attentively listening to the silence of Nature. The death-like slumber that for a time had bound us was soon broken by a song of praise, in which all joined with a real spirit and devotion. As the sweet strains of music were harmoniously reflected from the dark arches and columns of this great cathedral of Nature, it seemed as if I never before felt so impressively the majesty of the Creator of all this grandeur. After the music had ceased one of our party fired a pistol several times, the report of which was deafening. As the sounds reverberated and echoed from room to room, till they died away in the distance, they seemed like the moanings of departed spirits.

We now relit our torches, and proceeded to ascend our difficult and at times dangerous way through the "Secret Passage." This path has evidently been worn out by the water, which, in the rainy season, renders it almost impossible to visit the cave. It is so low, in places, it is almost necessary to stoop and almost crawl to avoid a collision with the projecting rocks above. But the visitor is richly paid for all his toil in ascending, as he is ushered into the presence of the resplendent beauties of the "Bridal Chamber." The most imaginative poet never conceived or painted a place of such exquisite beauty and workmanship. This room—the crowning object of interest—having been lately explored, has escaped the vandalism of man, and now reflects all the unblemished beauties of nature. It is nearly circular in form, and is about eighty feet in diameter. Some of the incrustations are massive, while others are as delicate as the lily and frail as wax-work. In color they reflect every hue and expression; some are as white as alabaster, while others are clear and sparkling as the diamond. All seemed fresh and new. Indeed, the invisible Architect has not yet finished this master-piece of workmanship; the structure is still visibly going on before one's eyes. One can see the water striking down its tiny course, depositing carbonate of lime to perfect the delicate point of some immense stalactites. The sides and arches are clothed in a drapery of dazzling beauty, rendering it indeed a fitting type of a fairy bride. Queen Cleopatra, in all her pride and beauty, never reclined in an apartment more magnificent than the "Bridal Chamber" of this cave.

Immediately above, and to the back of this grand apartment, and connected with it by a short passage, is another room, called the "Organ Chamber." It appropriately takes its name from the arrangement of the stalactite as a musical scale, upon which may be produced notes resembling the music of an organ; the large pendants corresponding to the low bass wires, while the smaller ones will produce all the different notes of the higher keys. The various apartments are so arranged that this is the last room to be visited which is worth noticing. The closing scene is exceedingly appropriate. After feasting the eye upon the splendor of walls, arches, columns, and pendants, ornamented by an infinite Artist, and having filled the mind with the painful sublimity of silence and darkness, nothing could produce upon the senses a greater thrill of pleasure than to listen to the sweet music of nature echoing and re-echoing through these halls of solitude.

Reluctantly leaving this great organ, still sounding the praise of Him "who doeth all things well," we retraced our faltering steps to the "Bridal Chamber," to take a last lingering look of its grandeur, dressed in a thousand lovely forms. From here we rapidly wound our tortuous way up to the opening on the top of the hill, near which the cave was discovered. The cave, in all its aisles and apartments, is nearly a mile in length.

Curiosities of Sleep.

In Turkey, if a person falls asleep in the neighborhood of a poppy field, and the wind blows over towards him, he becomes gradually narcotized, and would die if the country people, who are well acquainted with the circumstance, did not bring him to the next well or stream, and empty pitcher after pitcher of water on his face and body. Dr. Appenheim, during his residence in Turkey, owed his life to this simple and efficacious treatment. Dr. Graves, from whom this anecdote is quoted, also reports the case of a gentleman thirty years of age, who, from long continued sleepiness, was reduced to a complete living skeleton, unable to stand on his legs. It was partly owing to disease, but chiefly to the abuse of mercury and opium; until at last, unable to pursue his business, he sank into abject poverty and woe. Dr. Reid mentions a friend of his, who, whenever anything occurred to distress him, soon became drowsy and fell asleep. A fellow student also at Edinburg, upon hearing suddenly the unexpected death of a near relative, threw himself in his bed and almost instantaneously, amid the glare of noon-day, sank into a profound slumber. Another person reading to one of his dearest friends stretched on his death bed, fell fast asleep, and with the book still in his hand he went on reading, utterly unconscious of what he was doing. A woman at Hamadt slept seventeen or eighteen hours a day for fifteen years. Another is recorded to have slept once four days. Dr. Macnish mentions a woman who spent three-fourths of her life in sleep, and Dr. Elliottson quotes a case of a young lady who slept for six weeks and recovered. The venerable St. Augustine of Hippo prudently divided his hours into three parts, eight to be devoted to sleep, eight to recitations and eight to converse with the world. Maniacs are reported, particularly in the eastern hemisphere, to become furiously vigilant during the full of the moon, more especially when the deteriorating rays of its polarized light are permitted to fall into their apartment, hence the name lunatics. There certainly is greater proneness to disease during sleep than in the waking state, for those who pass the night in the Campagne du Roma inevitably became infected with its noxious air; while travellers, who go through without stopping, escape the miasms. Intense cold produces sleep, and those who perish in the snow, sleep on till they sleep the sleep of death.

Louis Napoleon on the United States.—In a work once written by Louis Napoleon, before his accession to power, he said, in a chapter "On Governments in General:"

"I speak it with regret, I can see but two governments at this day which fulfil the mission that Providence has confided to them; they are the two colossi at the end of the world; one at the extremity of the old world, the other at the extremity of the new. Whilst our old European centre is as a volcano, consuming itself in its crater, the two nations of the East and the West march, without hesitation, towards perfection, the one under the will of a single individual, the other under liberty.

"Providence has confided to the United States of North America the task of peopling and civilizing that immense territory which stretches from the Atlantic to the South Sea, and from the North Pole to the Equator. The Government which is only a simple administration, has only hitherto been called upon to put in practice the old adage, *Laissez faire, laissez passer*, in order to form that irresistible instinct which pushes the people of America to the West."

The only other government in the world which to the writer's opinion fulfilled its mission, was Russia, to the imperial dynasty of which, he said, was owing all the vast progress which, in a century and a half, has rescued that empire from barbarism. Such were the opinions which Louis Napoleon held of the United States and Russia before he attained his present position. It would be an instructive lesson to have another chapter "on Governments in General," and the United States and Russia in particular, from the Emperor of France.

[*Richmond Dispatch.*

Some graceless scamp says: "It is woman, and not her wrongs, that should be redressed!" That fellow ought to suffer the torment of being hunted out to tea.

Nothing is more favorable to love than a little discord—as the frost makes the grapes tender and richer.